with historic feeling and with an innate love of the gorgeous East, it could not be otherwise.

To Isaac D'lsraeli.

Sailing down the Grand Canal the palaces of Foscari, Grirnani, Barberigo, and other names which make the coldest heart thrill rise rapidly before you. . . . The Palace of the Doges is still kept up for public offices, library, &c. Its walls are painted by the greatest masters of the miraculous Venetian school, and its roof is gilt and adorned in a manner which leaves far behind all the magnificence of all the palaces in the world. In every room you are reminded of the glory and the triumphs of the Republic: the door of one chamber once closed upon the Mosque of St. Sophia, the pillars of another graced a temple in the Morea, and even Solomon's Temple is not forgotten, and two pillars of fantastic architecture were carved from large columns of granite which were brought in triumph by a noble Venetian from the ruins of Jerusalem. St. Mark's Church is a pile of precious stones, the walls are of all kinds of the rarest marbles and even of jasper, *lapis lazuli,* and the richest porphyry and Oriental agates, the interior is cased with mosaics of gold, and in the front figure five hundred pillars of all kinds of architecture and colors, some of which are of verd antique. The four brazen horses amble, not *prance,* as some have described, on the front, and five cupolas, hooded cupolas, crown this Christian Mosque. . . . It is vain to write anything here of the pictures, the churches, the palaces, with which this city abounds. According to the common opinion I saw all that ought to be seen, but I never felt less inclined to quit a place. It is in these spots that I wish to stay, for it is in such places that the mind receives that degree of wholesome excitation which is one of the great benefits of travel, I mean an excitation which quickens the feelings and the fancy, and which enables the mind to arrive at results with greater facility and rapidity than we do at home, and in our studies.

But in these sage reflections and in all this enthusiasm for the external splendour of Venice, there is still something wanting, as readers of *Qontarini* will feel. We find not a trace of the peculiar excitement and exultation •with which the hero of that novel approached the home